body has ever found out enything about the

One of the queerest West Indian treasure

stories was told by the skipper of a Grand

Cayman schooner in Kingston, Jamaica. The story is too wildly improbable for any

writer of fiction, but its absolute truth can

be attested to by hundreds of people in Jamaica and Grand Cayman.

A bark had been wrecked on a reef near the Cayman Islands, and the skipper had taken his schooner there to hunt for sal-

vage. While his men were busy on the bark he looked over the side of his vessel and saw, about eight feet below the water,

on a shelving ledge of the reef, a curiou

yellow gleam.

He thought it was a piece of copper sheath-

ing, and told one of his men to dive for it.

The man came up with his hands full of gold coin—Spanish doubloons and pieces-of-eight dating back to the early days of the conquisted one.

conquistsdores. The ledge was simply covered with loose gold.

All day the crew dived for it, and when they had skinned the place bare they found they had over two thousand gold pieces, besides a few score of silver coins, all Spanish. The skinner character as a spanish.

Desiges a few score of silver coins, all Spanish. The skipper showed several of the coins to prove his story. They were all in a remarkably fine state of preservation. He sold the lot afterward for nearly \$20,000. How the coins came on the reef nobody knows. A hundred explanations have been suggested, but none of them quite meets the case.

There is an Englishmen now living in a

to fit out a yacht and hunt for a hoard buried, so legend says, by Mansvelt, the

It is a curious fact that a West Indian

to my warning!
"When that treasure was buried the

owner killed the slave who dug the hole and buried his body on top of the gold

Inless you pay me ten dollars to put good

cotonies.

There is another kind of swindler who

sometimes makes a rich haul out of the

It seems an obvious swindle. Of course

swindled in this way, so greatly have they been excited by tales of treasure trove

WANT TO OWN TENEMENTS.

Ambition of Certain East Side Familles

Observed by a Bank President.

"I wonder how many people know what

he poor of the East Side do with the money

that they save," remarked the president

of a big savings bank on the Bowerv the

other day. "I have been in this bank for

forty years and have had a good opportunity

to study our depositors, and I have made

he discovery that the ambition of the

average East Side family is to own a tene-

"As a rule, they want to own the tenement

hey live in, and all of their energies are

pent to making and saving money for this goal. A surprising number of them suc-

ceed ultimately in getting what they want.
"I know of over twenty families that now own tenements, having acquired them by

saving their paltry earnings for years, denying themselves every luxury and many

of the comforts of life, in order to get

of the comforts of life, in order to get enough together to buy an equity in a tene-ment. Many of these families have been well rewarded for their years of self-denial, being now the owners of fine-paying prop-erties, but they go right on working and

"The method of one family I will tell you about illustrates pretty well the method of

father is an elevated railroad guard, three

sons work at different occupations for small salaries, two girls work in factories and the

the money out all at once and I learned from the father that they had bought an

equity in the tenement house in which they

and we have never had any trouble with

"By this time I guess they have paid the mortgage and own the property, but they

go right on working and saving. The money with which they bought that tene-

ment must have represented years of the

hardest kind of scraping and self-denial, yet they never seemed the least bit dis-

"The only investment they understand is tenement house property, but they understand that thoroughly. It would surprise some folks to know how many of these Fact Side families who appears to be possible."

East Side families, who appear to be pov-

CIGARS IN MUGGY WEATHER.

Not So Many Smoked Then as on Bright,

Time, a muggy day; scene, a cigar store,

with the proprietor rising from a chair to

"You are the first customer I have seen

"What's the matter?" asks the sustomer

"People stopped smoking?"
"Why, they always stop more or less on
days like these. You see, this humid
weather makes cigars soft and spongy.
Even hard, well-seasoned cigars will absorb

would be in smoking it in bright, dry

weather; and only the most inveterate smokers indulge as much in humid as they

"So a day like this is bad for the cigar

do in ordinary weather.

greet a customer, who has just come in.

in ten minutes," says the cigar man.

Clear Days.

stricken, are in reality property

and by the desire to get rich quickly

have allowed themselves to be

any treasure.

Capt. Kidd's.

nent house.

saving their money

mother runs the home.

all of them.

contented.

owners."

LOWEST OF ALL HUMAN BEINGS.

A Curious Tribe Just Discovered in Australia.

BRISBANE, Australia, July 15 .- It you will take up a map of Australia and then note the huge indentation in the northern coast marked Gulf of Carpentaria, you will see a little group of islands at the lower end of this gulf designated the Wellesley Islands. If your map is a good one you will observe that one of this archipelago is named Mornington Island.

It is with this island that this article will deal, for it has just been found that upon It live perhaps the most primitive savages in the world. About the middle of June white men landed upon its shores probably for the first time. Certainly no white man had been there in more than a century. Undoubtedly these men explored territory which had never been trod by any civilized person.

It was one of the few spots upon the earth's surface, this island, that had been overlooked altogether by the man of the steam engine, the telegraph, the steamship Nay, more, it had not been visited even by other savages, so far as is known, and it had been in undisturbed possession of men and women of the race lowest in the human scale since the human family began ages ago.

All this came to light through Dr. Roth of Queensland, Northern Protector of Aborigines, an official corresponding in some respects to our Indian Commissioner, and Charles Hedley, F. L. S., conchologist of the Australian museum of Sydney. Dr. Roth is one of the leading ethnologists of the world, and he intends to write an account of this event. Mr. Hedley has been studying the mollusca of Australia for fifteen years, and of late he has been devoting his vacations to trips to the north coast of the continent.

Dr. Roth invited him to accompany him upon his annual cruise in the gulf, which is part of his duty as Protector of Aborigines, and Mr. Hedley gladly accepted. The two scientists took a mail steamer about two months ago to Thursday Island, which lies just off the horn that sticks upward from Australia toward New Guinea, and there, after a delay of ten days, due to the illness of a captain, they boarded the cutter Melbidir. Thursday Island is worth an

The cutter ran down the west side of the York Peninsula to Batavia River, which runs into the Gulf of Carpentaria. Here a stop was made at the Mapoon mission for the aborigines. Then the party ran on, skirting the shores of the gulf until they came to the Wellesley group, which consists of Mornington Island, Sweer's Island and Bentinck Island.

Sweer's Island holds some whites, who grove away or killed off the blacks there. Bentinck Island is wild as wild can be, but whites visit it now and then. Mornington had never been so visited, so far as is

Dr. Roth and Mr. Hedley went ashore n arriving off Bentinck Island. They were rmed, as were the tame blacks they had brought with them upon the cutter, some these being mission boys from Mapoon. hey penetrated a short distance into the bush, which was not far from being a jungle, for it should be remembered that hern Australia reaches up well within

Suddenly Mr. Hedley saw a savage black face peering at him over a bush. The face disappeared quickly and then the two gentlemen heard what seemed to be a band of savages running away through the thick undergrowth.

But it was upon Mornington Island that surprises came-bloodless and rather amusing ones, fortunately. They anchored the cutter off the island and had their black boys row them ashore. They had rifles and revolvers, for the Queensland blacks are dangerous foes, especially at night and in

tropical forests. The two scientists beached the boat and then the whole party, in skirmish line formation, the black boys acting as flankers and scouts, made for the interior of the island. After wading through thick mangrove swamps, the most marked feature of which was oozy black mud knee deep, they came upon higher ground and presently they saw a thin blue spiral of smoke

rising over some underbrush. They went toward this and soon came upon a party of savages, who scuttled away into the bush like rabbits-all but three women, who were unable to run. This trio cowered over the fire expecting evidently from their faces to be carved up and eaten by the white men, but they were soon reassured by the tame blacks and entered into quite a lively conversation with them, and also with their savage lords, who kept up a steady "Yubber, yubber, yubber" from the

bushes where they lay concealed. It turned out from the explanations made by the tame blacks that the islanders could understand the native dialect which is current among the blacks about Burketown, Burketown and Normanton, it should be explained, are the only two setmiles from Cape York to Port Essington.

tlements of whites upon the southern shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria, the coast line of which measures probably a thousand Dialect is perhaps a misnomer, for the Australian aborigines speak practically the same tongue, wherever found. There are, however, certain variations of a minor description.

Not only could the islanders understand the tame boys, but they immediately recognized the respective classes of the tame blacks. This likewise requires explanation, which is this: The Australian aborigines, like other savage or barbarous peoples divide themselves into classes to represent the different degrees of relationship, such as cousin, sister and brother, to prevent too close tribal intermarriage. It is primitive custom and began in primordial times, as ethnologists will tell you at much greater length and with much more accuracy than can be done here. Only members of the tribe belonging to the same class may marry, and those belonging to certain classes may not even speak to one

Dr. Roth and Mr. Hedley were much amazed, therefore, after they and their black attendants had prevailed upon some of the timorous islanders to approach them, to note that one of the islanders would not speak to one of their boys, but he was fairly affable with another. They began to believe that the Australian language was something of a negative quantity upon Mornington Island, but a few English words from the black boy to them caused them to recollect the ethnological facts

about intertribal relationships. The boy explained that he could not Ocean forms in the gulf.

... ዓምን የቀውያዊ ውጭ እንደ የተመሰው የተመሰው

> converse with the first islander because he was his "father-in-law" forsooth. On another occasion the two gentlemen were set laughing by the flirtatious actions of an island woman. This naked daughter of the isle was very tender and ardent in her conduct toward a young black in the cutter's party, and it developed ere long that she had found out that he and she belonged in the same class and therefore she could marry him if he could be wooed and won

> By careful inquiry Dr. Roth learned that the islanders, with but one exception, had never seen or heard of white men. The exception was an islander, who, when the explorers approached, skipped behind a bush and presently reappeared with some grass and leaves tied around him apron fashion.

From this they surmised that this fellow was once on the mainland or at least he had seen white men enough to gain a rudimentary notion of what clothes are, hence his effort at a breech-cloth in their presence.

As for the rest of the islanders they were like Adam and Eve prior to the serpent episode. And here let it be said that few other savages on the earth are so destitute of a sense of modesty as this. Investigation showed that the islanders have been separated from the mainland aborigines for many generations, and this conclusion is strengthened by observation of their modes.

They are far behind even the mainland blacks-which is saying much for their primitiveness. The mainland natives can and do build rude huts. These Mornington Island blacks do not know what a hut is, but simply heap up handfuls of grass for the night and then sleep to the leeward of these heaps.

The natives on the mainland can weave quite pretty baskets in which to carry about articles. The islanders cannot weave. but simply wrap such belongings as they wish to bear away with them in the bark of trees. The mainland aborigines make canoes. The islanders do not know what a boat or canoe is, but their craft are simply rude rafts consisting of two parallel logs with lighter wood set between them, one end of the raft being hacked rather sharper than the other end. These rafts they paddle along the shores of the island. anders have no knowledge whatever of the wonderful gum cement the mainland natives know how to make and to use in

fastening together their shields.

The island is 40 by 10 miles in size, and upon it subsist numerous natives, for the explorers came once upon the embers of twenty-five fires in one place, at each of which must have squatted at least two mavages. At another time they came upon quite a fleet of the native rafts already described

Though the explorers went armed, and acted with caution during the three days, they spent upon the island, particularly at night, the islanders were far from being hostile. On the contrary, they almost in-variably ran away when the white men hove in sight, which was another proof that they are not like their mainland brethren, who will kill a white without com brethren, who will kill a white without com-punction if they can get a good opportunity, that is, of course, in the wild parts of Aus-tralia, like the Mitchell River region, on the western side of the York Peninsula. Strange to say, these islanders were a very prosaic, stolid and matter-of-fact lot, indeed. They took the two white men quite as in the natural course of events, and

quite as in the natural course of events, and showed no curiosity whatever as to whe they came from or why their color was different from theirs.

When one of the explorers lit his pipe islanders casually remarked one to ther, "Why, he is burning himself!" another, "Why, he is burning himself!" The lighting of a fire with a match instead of by the use of fire sticks excited only their passing interest, as did the boiling

of water in a billy or tin can.

They were armed with spears and some of them had boomerangs, but they made no unfriendly demonstrations whatever from first to last. A lot of penny whistles from Sydney which Mr. Hedley dealt out among them as presents tickled their souls,

and presently the primeval forests of Mornington Island rang with much tooting. When Mr. Hedley showed one savage how to whittle with a clasp knife the savage how to whittle with a clasp knile the savage insisted on scraping with the blade, just as he would do with a shell or sharp stone, and but for Mr. Hedley's intervention he would have cut his finger badly, for he could not distinguish between the edge of he knife-blade and its back island is of not much use commer-

cially. Mango swamps, poor grass and poor soil make it undesirable for white men. Yet the savages, notwithstanding hese discouraging environments, are well

set up, strong and active, though some-what short of stature.

Kangaroos and other wild animals abounded and bounded wherever the ex-plorers went. There was plenty of timber, blood-wood, oak, beef-wood and encalypt out the trees were not very large. The island was well watered

The scouting and the sense of direction dis-played by the tame blacks were marvellous and fully up to all the traditions of Australian aboriginal bushmanship. Both Dr Roth and Mr. Hed ley are good bushmen out they were simply beginners beside heir attendants.

These boys would hold up a hand from time to time and ask their white bosses if they did not hear savages talking in the distance. The bosses could not hear distance.

Then again the guides would hear insect humming far up in a tree top, which was far beyond the sense of hearing of the two whites. The party would come upon a foot-print or two in the dust and with but barely look at them the dark guides would ex plain that a man and a woman passed the place at 9 o'clock the nght before; that the woman bore a heavy load of something, and everal more particulars à la Sherlock Holmes.

But their most remarkable feat was

their finding the party's boat, no matter how many zigzags the party had taken and no matter how deep they were in the jungle. They would bring the whites out upon the beach, every time, within a quarter f a mile of the boat, without any apparent effort at all. With absolutely no marks, such as blazed trees or paths, or with the sun

such as blazed trees or paths, or with the sun to direct them, but by sheer savage instinct of locality, they would accomplish this.

In 1802, Capt. Matthew Flinders of the British Navy, one of the heroes of Australian discovery, surveyed the Gulf of Carpentaria and found Mornington Island. He did not land upon it, so far as is known, so Dr. Roth and Mr. Hedley were the first white men ever to set foot upon it. Several times when on it they saw clouds of smoke rising from the bush on the mainland in the far distance. They on the mainland in the far distance. knew from Flinders's record of his that this smoke was from the bush being fired by blacks to drive out kangaroos, for

Flinders saw similar smoke clouds The chief scientific result of the cruise was the determination by the scientists that the Gulf of Carpentaria is more nearly related in its fauna to the Indian Ocean than to the Pacific, proof of which is afforded by the mollusea found by Mr. Hedley by means of his dredge. He took back

with him to Sydney a large number of specimens, shells and fishes mainly, some of which are undoubtedly new to science. This work with the dredge only confirms This work with the dredge only contral a hypothesis he advanced some years ago, that in a geological age New Guinea was connected with Australia by the York Peninsula. This accounts for Indian

HUNTING FOR PIRATE GOLD. A PURSUIT STILL POPULAR IN

> Many Expeditions to Seek Buried Treasure Some Searchers Successful, Especially in Hayti-Stories of Lucky

THE WEST INDIES.

Finds and Strange Adventures The New World's will-o'-the-wisp, pirate gold has still many followers. Expeditions are continually being fitted out at ports along the Atlantic scaboard to search the palm-covered islands and coral cays of the West Indies for the hoards of old Spanish gold and pirate booty which are supposed

Not long ago a private yacht was secretly fitted out in New York for a West Indian treasure hunt. Other expeditions have started recently from Philadelphia, Boston, Newport News, New Orleans and other

to be hidden there.

Nor is the hunt confined to Americans A year does not pass without expeditions leaving London, Glasgow, Liverpool or other British ports, while the West Indians themselves, living in an atmosphere of treasure stories, are naturally the keenest of all the hunters of phantom gold.

Sometimes these expeditions never re turn. The ship is reported missing, and another is added to the long roll of ocean tragedies of which the public hears little or nothing. Years afterward a few bleached bones on a remote islet, or a derelict floating in the track of shipping, tells a tale of shipwreck, mutiny or death by those diseases most dreaded by seafaring menyellow fever and beri-beri.

Some months ago no fewer than five treasure-hunting expeditions were reported at Kingston, Jamaica. The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres had brought his yacht into the harbor on a West Indian cruise. and it was said that he was combining business with pleasure and meant to search for a pirate treasure reported to be buried on the tiny island of Anegada, in the Virgin group. Apparently he had no luck.

The second expedition was headed by as Englishman, who hoped to find the secret hoard left by King Christophe of Hayti The third was a small affair, got up by a Jamaican planter, who aimed at locating the treasure of that buccaneer king, Sir Henry Morgan. This is said to be buried in a cave in Gun Hill, Trelawny, Jamaica, and to be guarded, like Capt. Kidd's by the devil in person-hoofs, horns, tail, pitchfork and

Two other expeditions were working in Santo Domingo and the Cayman Islands. This was a period of special activity in the treasure-hunting line, but such enterprises are so familiar to the creoles that they hardly excite comment. Some men waste their lives and fortunes flitting all over the Caribbean Sea, from one reported pirate haunt to another, and digging for buried gold. When the mania once gets hold of a man it never seems to leave him until it has soured his temper and ruined his life.

Barbados is a favorite resort of the treasure seekers. Several caches of doubloons and pieces-of-eight have been found there in digging among old ruins.

Capt. Kidd once ran his ship ashore at Bartados when chased by a cruiser. He left a paper describing a spot in a small wood near Bridgetown, the island capital, where he said he had buried an immense

Whether this was a post-mortem joke

whether this was a post-mortem joke or not, it is impossible to say. If it was, it succeeded to perfection.

"For acres around the spot indicated," says Hesketh Bell, a colonial official, "the soil has been perfectly honeycombed by the excavations of treasure seekers. No one knows whether the booty was secured. as the finder would in all probability have been most careful to keep his success a secret, so as not to have to share with the

become suddenly well on and hush of hoster, he is at once set down to have discovered a buried jar of gold, when, perhaps, the reason of his affluence may be much more become suddenly well off and flush of money,

In Hayti, not long ago, a hidden treasure was brought to light in the picturesque town of Gonaives in a rather curious way. A mulatto lived there who was almost penniless. He inhabited a desolate ruin which had once been a fine old planter's chateau in the days when the French owned he islands and he eked out a miserable existence by cultivating a feeble yam

Suddenly this mulatto blossomed out as a man of wealth. He bought a fine louse, a provision store, a rum shop and horses and mules galore.

Everybody wondered where he got his money, but only one man, another Haytian

matter out. "See here," said the second mulatto T've taken a fancy to that eld ruin of yours

Kind of picturesque, isn't it? I'll give you \$500 for it." The first mulatto jumped at the As soon as the deal had been effected, the purchaser had the house carefully pulled down, brick by brick, and the foundations

dug up.

As the result, he found nine small iron bound chests filled with treasure. The contained a great deal of French gold and silver coin of the eighteenth century, gold

and silver plate, jewelry, church ornaments and other valuables. Altogether, the nine chests were valued at over \$500,000. When the first owner heard of it he was furious. It then came out that one day by accident he had found a similar chest hidden in the wairscoting of the hall hidden in the wainscoting of the hall and had realized upon it. It never struck him that there might be

more behind, so he gladly sold the house fondly imagining that it was an empty shell from which he had extracted the kernel. He raved like a madman when he heard the news, but the other mulatte possessed political pull and soon quieted im by the simple expedient of having him

brown into jail. is a firm belief throughout the West Indies that there are many other hidden treasures of the same character in Hayti and Santo Domingo. When the negroes rose in insurrection against the rench and Spanish masters, the latter had to flee to the towns or the woods for

refuge. most cases they could not take their valuables with them, and they concealed them somewhere about their chateaux. These fine old mansions are now mere ruins, overgrown by the rank luxuriance of tropical vegetation and inhabited only by goats and vultures. If a man must go treasure hunting, these are the places he should select, in preference to mythical pirate lairs vaguely indicated by legend or by some incomprehensible chart drawn

blood on a piece of rag, after the fashion f "King Solomon's Mines." In the Bahamas they tell a queer story of a big haul recently made there by a mysterious American. He arrived in his own schooner off West Caicos, an islet in

own schooler on west calcos, an islet in the Bahama group, and dropped anchor. There he stayed for some days, doing nothing and telling nobody his business. He evidently had not come for salt or sponges or coral, or any of the other things for which seafaring men ordina; by visit the Caicos. Nobody could imagine why he was there, for West Caicos is the last place a man would think of visiting unless ne had business there.

One day the American lowered a boat the moisture in the air and get soft in such weather, and when cigars are damp like that they don't taste so good. "There's nothing like the fun to be got out of a cigar on a day like this that there from the schooner, hired a couple of negroes from the shore and made them row him o another islet about four miles away. According to the story which the negroes told on their return he walked straight up to a lone palm tree on the islet, measured distance by paces to the southeast after onsulting a chart, and then made them dig, morning, noon and night, all around a large circle he marked out. When they grew tired and stopped, he foamed at the

mouth with passion and threatened them with his rifle.

SLUGGING DONE FOR PAY. After two days' hard diggings they found a big sea chest, so heavy that the three of them could hardly drag it to the IT'S EASY TO HIRE DEEDS OF boat. They rowed back to the schooner, and as soon as the chest had been hoisted aboard the American weighed anchor and saided awarents. VIOLENCE DONE.

Usually the Broken-Down Prizefighter Is First Sought Out for Joh-Saloons Furnish Supply-Cases in a Detective's Experience-Work of the Middleman.

aboard the American weighed anchor and sailed away north.

There is much speculation in West Caicos and throughout the Bahamas as to who the American was, what he found and how he learned that it was there. It is supposed that he got a big pirate treasure, and some people even think that he secured the famous hoard of Capt. Kidd. But nobody has ever found out anything about the The recent charges against David Lamar have opened the eyes of New Yorkers to the possibility of hiring thugs, if not assassins, to pay off scores that are most satisfactorily settled by the infliction of physical violence. That such men may be engaged to do almost any kind of work was a vague impression in the minds of people who had acquired the idea from sensational fiction or melodramas. But few who had heard of the practice thought it could be done so easily and with such satisfactory results as those in the case that has just attracted such widespread attention.

Suppose that A, a respectable and pros perous citizen, should cherish against B bitter grudge that could be satisfied only by a sound thrashing, accompanied with such souvenirs as black eyes, knocked out teeth and a broken nose. But A, although he burns with this elementary desire for physical revenge, is weak and feeble, while B is a giant of strength. What is A to do Shall he sit back, quietly nursing his impotent wrath, or shall he hire some bruiser or a group of bruisers to lick B within an nch of his life?

Probably he will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, follow the former course and satisfy his desire for vengeance by glaring at B and hoping that some terrible fate may overtake him. That is the prudent and customary course. But someimes the human element asserts itself too strongly and A decides that B must be whipped if he has the money to pay somebody to do it.

There is an Englishmen now living in a fishing hamlet in Kent, England, who was driven mad by his vain search for treasure in the West Indies.

Formerly he was a Colonel in the British Army and served with distinction in several wars. Late in life he caught the treasure-hunting fever, and sold all he had in order of the treasure of the colone in the server of the "Why, then he'd have to look out for a buried, so legend says, by Mansvelt, the famous buccaneer, on Anguilla Island. He searched for years, until in the end disappointment turned his brain.

In the British West Indies, more especially nan who has a gang," said an official in the Detective Bureau to whom this hypothetical question was put, and who asked to be kept hypothetical himself rather than appear publicly to know so much on in Barbados and Grenada, large holes dug in the earth apparently for no purpose such a subject, "or for somebody who could put him into relations with such a are frequently seen. Inquiring the reason of them, the reply is that they have been made by the blacks digging for buried person. No man is so highly or so respectably situated that he cannot find some person who will put him in touch with what we will call the lower world. negro rarely, if ever, sets about looking for treasure of his own accord. An obeah-man or witch-doctor comes to him and

"It may be his valet, his coachman or his butler, if he is a man of wealth enough to employ them. If he is poorer, it may be the waiter who serves him in a restaurant the man who sells him a drink or the elevator boy in his office building. Every man has some easy means of communicating with the strata under him.

"Obi, the all-seeing has told me in a dream there is money buried beneath the roots of the old cottonwood tree, which you are to dig up and keep. You must go there at midnight to dig. But hearken "In nine cases out of ten this man will want to be recommended, first of all, to a pugilist-a brokendown slugger, in nine obeah on the ground, the duppy [ghost] of that slave will go on sinking the inoney deeper and deeper into the earth so that cases out of ten, who never did get above the mixed ale class and never wanted to. you will never find it."

It has been said that a West Indian negro will believe anything except that which is true. At any rate, he believes the obeahman and parts with his ten dol-One naturally turns, in such a case, to a man who has been a professional fighter, and there are a great many in this class who will do almost anything for pay.

"I'll give you just two examples of things lars. It goes without saying that the obeahman is the only person who gets those men have done to show you how accommodating they can be when a small sum of money is involved.

This is a common incident. It happens every day in some of the West Indian "A few weeks ago I was called downown to see the president of one of the big banks. He wanted to find out something cupidity of a higher grade of society. He is the man who has a chart showing the location of some pirate treasure—generally about a trained nurse who was in attendance on his nephew. This young man, who was a drunkard, had made a very disadvantageous match, and only a few weeks be-He knows just where to lay his hands on it, but he wants capital to equip a schooner and fit out a small expedition. If you will find the capital he will divide the treasure with you when found. fore I came into the case the woman had tried to have her husband declared incompetent in order to get control of some \$15,000 a year that he possessed. The man was as reasonable as you or I when he was if you do part with your money, you never see it again, or the treasure either. Buy-ing a gold brick is a better speculation. And yet shrewd merchants in the West not in liquor.

nurse and a phony doctor she had called in. She needed the testimony of the respectable uncle to give some weight to the rest of the crew, and sent for him, thinking he would be glad to have the ne'er-do-well

out of the way finally. "She was all right about that, but the old man was not going to be a party to any game like hers. He called on his nephew and saw in a second he was in mortal terror of the person his wife called his 'trained nurse.' He was a gigantic bruiser, who never let the unfortunate patient, drunk or sober, out of his sight. It was perfectly plain to him that if he was not already crazy, he would soon be if he remained in terror of his attendant much longer. He complained of the 'nurse' of course; but the wife said he was a model of tenderness

and care. "The bank president wanted me to look up the man's record. I went down to the country place of the nephew, got into the house on the pretext that I had an important letter from the uncle, and saw the I recognized him right away as a mixedale prizefighter who had been in half a dozen scraps with the police that he got out of only by the skin of his teeth. He would have done nearly any crime on the calender for \$100. I took back my report and the trained nurse, who had the strength of a giant, left the house a few days afterward. I'll bet he got a good

stake before he got out.

"Another prizefighter of the same class tried, only a few months ago, up in West Fifty-ninth street, an old-time fake that used to attract the attention of the police once or twice a month about ten or fifteen years ago. He opened a 'sparring acad-Ten years ago that family started seven accounts here, and three years ago their savings aggregated over \$5,000. They took emy' in one room over a saloon, charged \$10 in advance and at the second lesson gave he pupil such a slugging that he was out of business for a week or two and afraid to come back at the end of that time. Then "Then they began collecting the rents and depositing them with us. Whenever they get a little short they borrow from us he fighter was \$8 in pocket, for his victim never wanted to come back for another seance. These two instances will show you how willing the run-down slugger

The detective was certain that the seeker for vengeance would find his path easy, once he had established relations with a fighter of the grade he had been describing. The ease with which this could be done seemed to the reporter exaggerated, but the detective thought the an must be far from wise who was not renough in New York to be able to get hold of the right man to do any job he

wanted.
"The greatest difficulty in the way of getting a trick of this kind done," he said, "is to avoid publicity. If a man is well known at all his position is more critical. He's got to keep in the background. But the unknown or the fellow not in public life can go into any of twenty-five saloous in this city and find men ready to do what he wants. In one of the cases that recently came to notice the saloon was situ ated at a corner near all the leading thea-tres and hotels. That may seem incred-ible, but it is easier to understand when you know that there is one saloon in Broad way, right in the heart of the hotel district, that is frequented every night by sluggers and others who would jump at the chance to turn a trick, like the i we've been discussing, for \$200 or less Places of this kind are naturally not the hang-outs of the "gangs" controlled by one

commanding genius who is able to corral them whenever he desires their services. He stays in the saloon that his friends frequent. It is only when he is wanted to do a job and the middleman who is arranging the details does not, for various sons, want to come to him, that the easons, want to come to him, that the eader of the gang goes to any saloon in a conspicuous neighborhood. The gang is, in any case, only called in when the pro-portions of the job demand the services of nore than one person.

"The job that the slugger likes best of I'm the smell."

all, however," said the detective, "is of the swift, quiet kind that demands the services of only one person. Then he gets all the money and the danger is less.

"He regards an order to strike an old man is the value of the services."

man in the park at night as easy as getting money in a letter. Assisting a divorced husband to abduct a child, with only the danger of having to knock down a nurse-maid, is equally to his taste. There are no complications in these cases, no divvy with the gang, the resulting danger of dissatisfaction and a squeal.

"For that reason a spectacular attack that is likely to be talked about and get

into the newspapers, requires the services of three or four men, and possibly ends of three or four men, and possibly ends in a small riot, comes higher than any other kind and is more difficult to arrange. Out-of-town expeditions, even those that may be controlled by a single man, are more costly, since there is the difficulty of working in a strange place, the likeli-hood of attracting attention and the danger of being seen on the journey by the police. Then stracks make more of a stir in the Then attacks make more of a stir in the country than they do in New York. A man who is knocked down and beaten it a small country town is talked about for a month. Here a slugging is forgotten in a day by everybody but the victim.

"The men who are ready to fight for pay are numerous enough and one only needs to get to them. That is easy. Send your representative to the saloon if you don't want to go yourself, and he'll pick out your men if he's ordinarily wise about New York ways. Ten to one he'll get New York ways. Ten to one he'll get you a broken-down slugger, and if more than one is needed for the job this general vill pick out his assistants.
"This ease in having sob done explains

a great many encounters that might other-wise seem mysteries. Men attacked at night by unknown assailants, stabbed or thocked senseless, are regular figures in the criminal progress of every year. Just think of what the hired thug can do, and see if it isn't easier to understand these values of the standard these than the services of the crimes on the hypothesis of vicarious vengance than by the fabulous theory that a mythical unknown runs amuck every night in the city streets.

MONTANA'S SHEEP FLOCK.

Illustrations That Help to Give an Idea of the Size of It.

BUTTE, Mon., Aug. 15 .- The State of Montana in the wool season just closed produced, according to the estimate prepared by State officials, 37,500,000 pounds of wool from the backs of 12,500,000 sheep. For this wool Eastern buyers paid \$6,000,000, an average of 16 cents a pound.

Few people have any conception of what s meant when it is said that there are 12,500,000 sheep within the limits of the State. There is not a single State east of the Mississippi in which this gigantic flock could graze.

If the 12,500,000 sheep of Montana were to march nose to tail, crowding each other, hev would make a line 10,000 miles long, or nearly half way around the earth. This line, in single file, would be about one hun-

dred and fifty days in passing a given point These sheep are worth \$100,000,000 as they walk the range, and their flesh would bring \$250,000,000 for food. Their mutton would feed one man 2,500,000 years, or if 1,250 people had started to consume it at the time of the birth of Christ they would have

The mutton would feed 2,500,000 people on meat for a year, or, allowing the average percentage of mutton to each family, it ould more than supply this nation a year. The wool yielded by this flock of sheep

would make 15,000,000 suits of men's clothes Made in cloth of ordinary texture it would form a band a quarter of a mile wide and more than long enough to be wound about the earth at the equator. It would make a carpet on which an army might Baled this wool would fill 3,750 freight

cars, or a train nearly forty miles long. The United States Navy could not transport it and an army of 50,000 men might fight behind its bales and be safe from the ordinary small arm.

The sheep of Montana if herded shoulder to shoulder one deep, would make a front 5,000 miles long. Herded in loose formation allowing room to move rapidly they would cover an area of eight square miles

Allowed to breed in a favorable climate these sheep would become 50,000,000 in the course of a year or 6,707,200,000,000 at the end of ten years. But man eats many of them annually and disease and blizzards carry off many more. It is estimated that 3,000,000 Montana sheep perished inside of four days in a blizzard which swept the Northwest last winter.

NEW YORK'S FINE TAILORS. one Whose Aim Is to Charge the Highest

The tailor who gets next to the highest prices in this city used to have a small shop down in Broome street. The clothes he made for two or three customers attracted attention, brought him many other patrons and finally landed him in a shop on

He is especially popular as a maker of young men's clothes, but is considered a bit too emphasized in his styles for men who have passed 40. His prices are the highest paid for the clothes themselves

and nothing else. The one tailor who charges higher prices than he adds the extra cost merely as an attraction to his customers. His boast for years has been that his customers had to pay more for their clothes than anybody If by any chance he learns the body else charges more than he, his figure are shot up to a proportionate advance.
This tailor fortunately makes clothes chiefly for the older men who have had the time to earn the fortunes necessary to pa

for them. Then he has the reputation of possessing great adroitness in disguising the curves that come with age and prosthe curves that come with age that the curves that come with age to the highest-perity. So nobody need go to the highestperity. So nobody need go to the highest-priced tailor unless he wants to. The highest salary paid to a New York cutter is \$90 a week. The average is half

this pay comes without risk, cutters who are really responsible for the uccess of the tailors who employ them prefer a large salary to attempting to carry n business on their own hook.

hat sum

Perhaps the best-known cutter in New York, and certainly the highest paid, is fork, and certainly the highest a Swede. Among the cutters in the lest a number of Swedes, although shops are a number of Swedes, although Englishmen and Irishmen are in the ma-

One of the causes for the high paid the cutters is the custom of letting hem go when the slack season sets in This course is not possible with the best-known men, as they refuse to take employment that does not guarantee them pay-ment for the whole year.

In the larger talloring establishments which employ several cutters, all of them do not receive the same pay. As in other occupations, it is the man who brings the business who receives the largest pay The cutter with the largest number of cus tomers is likely to get more money than any of the others. But ideas as to what constitutes a good cutter vary so greatly that patronage in a first-class place is likely to be distributed pretty evenly among the men.

In the Game, a Long Way Off

From the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph a party of boys were playing on one of the streets the other day, when an old gentleman coming along inquired of them what they called their game. "Why," said one, "automobile, Joe, he's the wheels, Bill's the car, Ben's the brake, Harry's the lamp," etc. Leaving the boys to their fun the old gentleman walked down the street half a block and found another boy alone, watching hair a block and found another boy alone, watching the others playing. Said the old gentleman to the boy: "Sonny, why don't you go up and play automobile with those boys?" Why," says he, "I am playing with them." "You are;" said the old gentleman, astonished. "Well, will you please tell ne what part of the automobile you are?" "Oh.

A YEAR OF VERY WILD WEST.

RICHARD PHELAN GETS EXCITE-MENT IN TABLOID FORM.

killed Two Men and Wounded One-Let Go and Then Sent to Prison for Twentyfive Years-Finally Pardoned-New Owns a Mine That Cost Fifteen Lives.

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 15 .- Richard Phelan, who has just gone to New York on a business trip, has had the following experiences of life in the Wild West in the past year: He killed two men and badly wounded a third; he was discharged at a preliminary hearing on a charge of murder, and later convicted and sentenced to serve twenty-five years at hard labor; he fated to get a new trial, and finally, last week,

the Governor.

Mr. Phelan is the owner of several mines

Mr. California. He would never impress one as being the typical bad man. His nationality is indicated by his name, and he retains much of the rich brogue which he brought over from Ireland. He is about 40, a little above medium height, of rather slender build and straight as an arrow.

"It was on Dec. 31, 1902," said Mr. Phelan.
"that I became engaged in the fight which brought me a great deal of unwelcome notoriety. I had for some time been employed as superintendent of the Gold Ridge mine, on the Middle Yuba River, in which I held an interest, when I became aware of the fact that some o of the fact that some of my partners were endeavoring to freeze out some of the smaller stockholders. "I was invited to enter with them into

the conspiracy, and upon refusing to do so I was included among those against so I was included among those against whom their scheme was directed. The plan upon which they worked was to fail to do the assessment work necessary to hold the various claims, then at the beginning of the new year to jump the claims in the names of themselves and some of their trusted friends.

"On the night of Dec. 31, I went to the fold Ridge mine to levy on the tools and

"On the night of Dec. 31, I went to the Gold Ridge mine to levy on the tools and supplies there for the purpose of recovering about \$500 back salary due me. On entering the log cabin which was used as mine headquarters I was met by three armed men, who laughed at me when I tatted my mission and one of them soon at me when I stated my mission and one of them soon engaged me in a dispute for the evident purpose of giving them an opportunity to put me out of the way.

"As the dispute became more bitter, I

backed into a corner, so that the three men were facing me, and when the lie was passed I struck the one who was making the talk and then grappled with him, keeping him all the time between me and his two com-panions, one of whom had a Winchester rifle, the other a shotgun with buckshot. The man with the Winchester fired several shots at me, but was afraid of hitting the

man in my grasp and the shots went wild.

"In the meantime I managed to get in position to use my gun and succeeded in disabling the man with the shotgun. Then the man with the rifle became desperate and tried to shoot me through the bedy of his partner, whom I was using as a shield, but the bullet struck the man's revolver, which he carried in his hip pocket, shattering the handle.
"I don't know just how it happened, but

when the fight was over the man with the rifle and the one with whom I had the wrestling match were dead, and the third man was not in condition to do me any harm. I found out afterward that a secand gang of the enemy had approached the cabin while the shooting was going on, and, thinking from the fusillade going on that I had secured help, went away againwithout attempting to render assistance to their

"On the bodies of the men slain and wounded in the cabin I found the papers already made out for posting on the claims at midnight for the purpose of jumping them in the interest of the conspirators, as well as the letters charging the men to see to it that I was either dead or in jail before

the hour for filing came.
"I went before the proper authorities as soon as possible and gave myself up and on preliminary trial was discharged, but later found myself against a conspiracy even more serious if possible than the first one a conspiracy of lawyers. After my discharge they succeeded in having the case

reopened and railroaded me to State Prison for a twenty-five-year term. "The manner in which it was done is a long story, but it was done. Even the letters and papers I found on the dead men, which would have cleared me in any court, were not presented in court. In fact I had no defence whatever.

"The case went through all the courts. and even the Supreme Court refused, on the record, of course, to grant me a new trial. Then I had all of my evidence pre-sented to the Governor, who very promptly paroled me and has just granted an unconlitional pardon

The disputed mining claims?" said Mr. "The disputed mining claims?" said Mr. Phelan, in reply to a question. "Oh, I filed on them myself and own them to-day, but I changed the name. They are now the Middle Yuba group.

"There had been fifteen fatalities in connection with those claims and I thought it was time to make some sort of change.

was time to make some sort of change. The last man to give up his life in connection with the case was one of the jurors at my trial.
"He repented of having been induced to join in the verdict of guilty, and at the moment I was led in to receive sentence he threw himself from the gallery in the court room, striking squarely on his head and was ricked up dead. There has been no trouble about the claims since that

dramatic occurrence and I believe the hoodoo is effectually broken." THEIR NEW MINISTER.

Home Run Made by the Rev. Henry Hardison When He Struck Cutler, Mc. CUTLER, Me., Aug. 15 .- When the East

Maine Conference of the Methodist Church

met last spring and distributed the ministers among the churches there were not enough to go around, and the Cutler church was placed in the list as "to be supplied. A superannuated minister preached for two Sundays and then returned to his home up country to work in his garden. Nearly

a month passed then without preaching in the church, and then one Monday fore-noon a dapper, well-dressed man with gray-hair and bright blue eyes put up at the summer hotel, and divesting himself of tall collar and frock coat, put on knicker-bedeers and went out into the villagebockers and went out into the village square and began to play baseball with the young men and boys who were enjoying vacations along the shore.

He was a good player. No other man in the county could hit a low ball so often as

he, and the way he stole bases was a liberal education to those who were learning the game. He could pitch fairly well, but his chief pride was taken in defending first base, which he did with such skill that whole which he did with such such that whole innings passed without a single man reach-ing the first goal on the road to scoring. He played forenoon and afternoon and until dark in the evening, and though he was often sorely vexed by the blunners of his

associates, it was noticed that he never When Saturday night came the boys

along."

Every boy and man and most of the women within three miles of the village were on hand at the services the next fore-noon, when it was found that the Rev. Henry Hardison could preach as well as he could play baseball. Before he had been in the village a month a revival was under way, and though the baseball games are continued on the village green day with much shouting and not a vehement expostulation, it is said that Cutler is the only town in the world where

hey play baseball without the use of pro-"Old Man Hardison surely made a home run when he struck Cutler," said one of the new converts as he came out from praver

When Saturday riight came the boys proposed a Sunday game in a back lot away from the public streets and asked the new player to help them out.

"I'd like to go first raie," he replied cheerfully, "but I have a little game of my own which I hope you will attend at 10:30 Sunday forenoon. It will be held in the church, and there will be no admission fee. Just come over and see how I get. fee. Just come over and see how I get